

NO. 14

In Terre Haute a bereavedish-looking man came to the driver of the town hauler and wanted to know what was the lot. He could attend a funeral for. Driver said he didn't know. The man told him he was poor and could not pay the price charged by the livery stables. "Well, we'll go for two dollars," said the driver. "when do you want me?" "Wal, strange I dunno exactly, my woman is prosick; I think in about two or three days." Driver drove off.

